



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

THE HELMET HOLDUP



Welcome TO Far North . World of the Micek

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stil

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially w

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky b
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of
herring juice, with a splash of squid inl

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The d

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking helps a mouse perform an act of courage or wisdom

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mousekin (one quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who live

Meet the Stiltonord

GERONIMO

Advisor to the
Inventing chief

THEA

A horse trainer who
works well with all kinds
of animals

TRAP

The most famous
inventor in Mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Gerónimo's nephew

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's best
friend

. . . and the EVIL DR

GOBBLER THE BUTRID
The dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are
divided into 5
clans, all of which
are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —
no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over
volcanoes so the steam and smoke r

SIZZLE

The cook

Before eating micekings, they nibble
them delicately to see if they like
them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

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resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses or locales is entirely coincidental.

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I'm

Mousetastical Late!

It was a beautiful summer after

Mouseborg, the capital of Mice

The sky was clear, there was

blowing, and seagulls fluttered

dock, squawking happily

Oh, I'm so sorry! I haven't introduced myself: My name is Geronimo and I am a mouseking scholar.

On this day, every mouse in Mouseborg was looking forward to that evening

special performance by the
MOUSEKINGETEERS
THE THREE
MOUSEKINGETEERS

Chucklepaw
Their names are

Chucklepaw,
Snickerfur, and
Gigglewhiskers. They
have curly red hair
and wear super-stylish
clothes, just like true
celebrities!

Snickerfur
Gigglewhiskers

you ask? Only the most famous
Miceking Island!

The show was planned for Sunday
Stone Square. **Sven the S**

village chief, had decided that

Stiltonord, would be the

the performance! So, that evening

my fanciest cloak, combed my

whiskers, and splashed on some

Mousk
cologne.

I opened the door to my house

up at the sky before I stepped

was checking to make sure the
dragons in sight. Luckily, e
was calm — at least in the sky
walked toward the center of th
all around me were nervously
DASHING
here and there.

I figured they were hurrying to

Stone Square because they were
about getting good seats for the

Wait a minute . . . the show was
begin. That's why everyone was

rush. But the show couldn't
without me!

“Helmets and herring

I'm mousetastically

late!” I squeaked.

m late!

I scampered through the village
breaking **speed**.

I had just
the Shouter's house when someone
appeared in front of me, blocking

Bonkkk!
We ran right into each
other!

's go!
Hurry!

ARE YOU FOLLOWING US?

A second later I was surrounded
mice as big as **GRAY SEALS**
crowded around me menacing
up in my snout.

“Whoa,” I said, trying to remain

“Give a mouse a little room to
please!”

“Are you following
us?” one of the mice
growled at me.

“N-no, of c-course
not!” I stuttered.

I looked closely at
the three mice. They

GRAY
SEAL

were very large and they had e

muscles. The hair on their heads
and **bright red**, and they w

cloaks decorated with **seash**

“Who are you?” I asked, my w

trembling nervously.

Great groaning glaciers! It was

Mousekin geteers—
Chucklepaw,

Grigglemusk,
Snigglemusk,

Are you
following us?

Well?

Answer us!

Immediately, I felt **calmer**.

“Who are we?” the first mouse

“Who are **you?**”

“My name is **Geronimo S**

explained. “I am an advisor to
the Shouter.”

The three mice took a step back

“Okay, smarty-mouseking,” the

mouse squeaked. “But what do

from **us?**”

“Nothing!” I replied, perplexed

trying to get to **Great Stone**

You see, I'm announcing your
The three mice glanced at one
a **confused** look passed betw
“But of course, the show!” th
said suddenly.

“Uh, yes, of course,” the secon

“In fact, we were about to go g

We have to get out of here!

Uh, right!

“ . . . to get our costumes, oh
the third mouse finished.

“Now, please get out of our way,”
the first mouse said. “We really must
get out of here!”

“Ahem, yes,” the second mouse
said. “We must hurry
quickly. “And by ‘get out of here,’
we mean we have to **hurry!** Don’t wait
for our own show.”

The three mice **chuckled**
How strange! The Three M
seemed as anxious as first-time
I was late, too, so I quickly said
“See you onstage!” I squeaked
off.

Just a few steps later . . . **wh**
it, over a **shiny** mickering hel
are given to those who
distinguish themselves
with strength and
Huh?!

Is this yours?
character. It's

the greatest
honor, and

one I had yet

to receive!

I picked up

the helmet.

“Wait!” I called after the Mo

“Is this yours?”

The three mice exchanged a gl

Chucklepaw immediately grab

from me.

“Oh yes,” he replied quickly. “

See you later, smarty-mousekin

Then they scurried away, **sni**

What strange mice!

A moment later, a loud shout r

me jump out of my fur.

“GERONIMOooooo! W

YOU? THE SHOW IS ABO

It was Sven the Shouter! In cas
figured it out, he yells very, ye
Squeak! I had to **move it**

PRESENTING THE THREE MOUSEKINGETS

I arrived at Great Stone Square
stepped onto the stage.

“Citizens of Mouseborg,” he ro
great comedy show is about to

“Hooray!” the crowd shouted.

“You’ll split your sides laughin
cried. “So

SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

As is customary in Mouseborg,
echoed back:

**“SOVS
SVEN
SHOUTER!”**
Then Sven noticed me in the c

“You’re finally here, Geronimo

boomed. “Come on! You need the **THREE MOUSEKIN**!”
I joined him on the stage.

“Welcome to this evening of entertainment, art, and laughter,” I began. “It is a great honor to present . . .”

I paused as the mice in the
It is a great honor . . .

square grumbled:

“Will this take long?”

“We’re as bored as herring in brine!”

“We want the comics

But my sister Thea made a sign
the wing of the stage for me to
squeaking. If I had under
correctly, the Mousekingeteers
yet!

But Sven was also motioning to
13

the wing. He wanted me to stop

because everyone was impatient
show!

HELMETS

AND

HERRING!

I didn't know what to do!

“Well . . . anyway . . .” I muttered
my best to continue. “The show
to see features the most famous
in Mouseborg . . . uh, I mean o

Island . . .”

But the crowd continued to coo

“ENOUGH, SMARTY-MOU

“AND, SEAN, GIVE THEM
IS THIS LEARNING EXPER

SO

boring,

I’m

falling

asleep

standing

up!”

We want the comics!

No, take
your time!
How boring!

Offstage, I saw Thea whisper
into Sven's ear. His eyes grew
shock. Now he, too, knew that
hadn't arrived yet!

"Gross! You'd find it so
the public!"

I couldn't believe my ears.

"M-me?" I squeaked.

"Yes, you!" Sven yelled loudly.

jokes, So says Sven the
Shouter!"

"So says sven the shouter!"
the crowd replied.

Shivering squids, I don't know
jokes!

Then Sven gave me a look that
than a **sword**. So I did my b
16

ne

sea

~~said~~ said

to

another:

‘Yesterday

went

fishing

~~the~~ the

frozen

fjord.’

‘Oh

yeah?’

the
mouse
replied.

‘And
what
did
you
catch?’

‘A
nice
cold!’”

The mice in the crowd stared at
eyes wide. But **no one** laughed.

another one:

“I shouldn’t
try to help
my friend?
Because
he’s a
shellfish!”

The crowd began to shout:

“**Booooooooooooo!**

Fjords and fiddlesticks! I never

good at telling **jokes!**

“Psst, Geronimo — catch!” The

as she tossed me four
pinecones. “Juggle
them!”

I tried my best, but I
was **terrible.** First I
dropped one on my
left paw. Then

I dropped one on
my right. A third
pinecone bonked me

on the snout. **Ouch!**
The public had had enough. I left
that stage before they pelted me

fish!

Then Sven's wife, Mousehilde,
“Sven!” she yelled. “I need to s
you. It's an emergency!”

Who Stole Helm

Sven quickly made his way
crowd toward his wife.

“What happened?” he asked her.

“Oh, Sven!” she squeaked. “My
helmet number forty-eight
has

disappeared from your private

“WHAAAAAT?!”

Mousehilde nodded. “When I g
the door was open and —”

Sven’s snout turned purple wit

“So someone broke into our ho
steal it?!” he cried.

“Oooooooooooooo
exclaimed
the crowd.

“This is terrible,” Sven sh

“That’s one’s of my favorite

Shouter, order every citizen of

to search for my missing helmet

So

SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”

SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOU
the crowd echoed.

While the crowd dispersed to s

corner of the city, I approached

timidly.

“Er, excuse me, Mr. Sven . . .”

“Not now, Mr. Smarty-Mousek

replied, brushing me off. “I’m
Busy!”

“Sorry, Chief,” I persisted. “It’s
one knows what helmet number
looks like!”

“Well, why didn’t you say so
before?!” Sven bellowed. Then

me a **banner** with the ima
on it. Hmmm . . . it looked so

Where had I seen that helmet

Crusty codfish! It looked j

one I had returned to the **TH**

MOUSEKINGETEERS!

Uh-oh. Sven wasn’t

going to be happy

when I told him! I

tried to back up

slowly. If I
could just slip into the
crowd . . .

“Where do you
think you’re going,
smarty-mouseking?”

Sven demanded. He
stood directly in front

of me, blocking my path. “D

something about my helmet?”

“W-well, I think, uh, maybe, er
um . . .”

“Come on!” Sven shouted imp

“Spit it out, mouseking!”

“I saw the Three Mousekingete
u know something!
Um . .

right in front of your house,” I

“Come to think of it, those three
very, very **strangely** . . .”

“Great groaning glaciers!” Sven

“There’s not a moment to lose! We
go after them. The Three Mous
are the **thieves!**”

The Hunt for Comics

We sped through the streets of
searching for the three comedians.
way, we found an odd trail of
the ground that included three
and three **cloaks** covered in
looked like the Three Mouseketeers.
changed clothes very quickly.

What happened?

LEG AND

CLOAK

CLOAK

The trail of costumes led us right to the inn where the Three Mousekins were staying. How strange!

Sven knocked, but there was no answer.

Then he pushed open the door.

“Show your snouts, thieves!” he yelled.

“Why did you steal my favorite costumes?”

“Show your snouts!”

Mmmmph!

Mmmmph!

WIG

But Mousehilde just gasped.

Mouskingeteers were **tied**
“Sven, they can’t be the thieves”

“Look at them!”

“And these aren’t the **three**
earlier with the h

Sven untied the

“Tell us what happened,” he d

The first mouse began. “Well, I

arrived in Mouseborg this morn

knocked on our door,” he e

we opened it, we were greeted

THREE

VILEKINGS!”

My whiskers shivered with f
mouse wants to have anything
the evil vilekings . . . they're li
pirates,
only way worse!

“They tied us up and stole our
the second mouse said.

THE VILEKINGS

The Vilekings are disrespectful mice who fight with everyone.

They ATTACK ships as they enter the harbor and try to STEAL their cargo.

Their village, FEARFJORD, is a very scary place. It faces a gulf full of sharp reefs and very ferocious sharks. Their village chief is

RATNOLF THE

TERRIBLE. He rules with an iron paw!

THE
TERRIBLE THE

“They took our **red** wigs and **beautiful** cloaks!” the third squeaked.

The vilekings had used the **st** costumes to disguise themselves as Mouskingeteers. Then they had taken my favorite helmet. I must have missed them as they were getting away!

WIG

CLOAK

FA
MOUSEKI

HELMETS AND HERRING!

It had happened right under my nose.
But there was one thing I didn't
understand.

“Why did they only steal one
from the collection?” I asked the
“I know why!” Sven exclaimed
mimicking helmet number forty
the famous Battle of the Two

Dragons! But even the Terrible claimed
he was the winner of the battle
helmet!”

“It’s true,” Mousehilde agreed.
vileking chief has always insisted
defeated the **last dragon**.
there, and I **know** it was Sven

“Exactly!” Sven thundered. “Th

just a theft — it's a
challenge!"

Right at that
moment, we
were joined by
Sven's daughter,
Thora.

Oh, Thora!

She is the most
fascinating, athletic, and
courageous mouse in Mouseb.
I might have a **teeny, ti**
"Don't worry, Dad," Thora told

“I will volunteer for this mouse mission. I will find your mouse and I will return it to its rightful Mouseborg!”

“Well said, my **courageous** Sven said approvingly. “I will p

equipment for the expedition my

Then he turned and clapped a paw on my shoulder.

“And you will accompany her!

I began to **shake** from the tips of my whiskers to the end of my tail.

“But, but, but . . . w-why m-me” I stammered.

“Did you forget that this is

all your

fault?” **BOOMED.** “Y

didn’t recognize the vilekings!

stop them from stealing my m
helmet!

The theft happened right unde
your whiskers!

You're going with Thora, and
that's an order. So says Sven th

the small crowd around us
cried.

“Now, hurry to the point!”
So says Sven the sh

“Olaf the Fearless will take you
the **Bated Breath!**”
Crusty codfish, why me?

Every time I go on a mousekin

I have to travel on Olaf’s stinky

At least this time I was going w

magnificent Thora!

ou go, too!

Anchors Aweigh

When I arrived at the port, the

already disappeared into the S

“Excuse me,” I asked a sailor w

to me, “but have you seen Ola

or his **stinky** longship, uh . .

Bated Breath?”

The sailor giggled in reply. “Go

evening, Cousin!” he squ

actually waiting for you!”

In the dark, I hadn’t recognized

Trap.

He's the village inventor, and
be a real pain in my tail. Who
he wanted from me!

“Trap, if you want me to test
33

invention, forget it!” I squeaked.
“I’m here to, **help** you, Geroni,”
replied. “I’m going, too! Isn’t it
Shivering squids!
My cousin is usually more of a
troublemaker than a help
could ask why he wanted to co
the Fearless appeared beside m
e off!

He pinched my

me onto his ship.

“**Anchors aweigh!**” he shouted
leaving!”

“Captain, uh, I’m not sure this
idea,” I squeaked as he dragged

see, I suffer from terrible **sea**
s aweigh!

Oof!

Olaf just smoothed out his white shirt.
“Oh, no problem!” he said. “Even if you’re
seasick, you can still

3

1 mop the deck or
mend the sails or
row, row, row!”

My head was spinning from the
all that
work.

“Actually, no!” Olaf said suddenly.

1
Oof!

2

Done!

another job for you. Climb the
main mast and keep an eye
sea: It's full of dangerously sh
reefs!"

"Can't Trap do it?" I squeaked.
also afraid of heights!

"Blasted barnacles, Geronimo!"
boomed. "Did you think you w
on **vacation?** You will be
Now climb."

3

Pant,
pant!

“You can do it, Geronimo!” T
encouragingly.

What choice did I have? Reluc
began to climb the main mast.

tall! Have I mentioned that I a
of heights?!

Meanwhile, the Bated Breath l
sails and headed for F
Everyone was excited about
except me. After just a few
board, I smelled worse

smelliest codfish in the sea
and the stinkiest cheese in
combined!

A few hours later, I suddenly s
in the water in front of us.

“Land!” I squeaked. “I see l
“It’s Shipwreck Rock!” Olaf r

have arrived at Fearfjord!”

With those words, my paws be

tremble. Fearfjord is super
frightening
and **dangerous**. The water

currents are incredibly **strong**
is full of rocks as **sharp** as
“Pay attention, mollusk!” Olaf
as we passed the WRECKAGE of

don't want to meet the same fate.
Suddenly, I saw something more
wreck in front of us. It was a real
trouble!

**“MOUSE
OVERBOOOOOA**

I squeaked, pointing at the cas

39

Help!

ch out!

Mouse overbooooooard!

Stranded on Shipwreck Rock

The shipwrecked mouse **was**
trying to stay afloat and keep his
HEAD ABOVE
WATER.

Thora threw out a **rope** and
said, "You must get closer!"

Meanwhile, I directed Captain
"To the right, to the right, to the
left, to the left . . . no, no, no
too much . . . watch out!"

Craaaaaaaaash!

Our ship went ashore on Shipwreck Beach

right next to the other WRECK!

“Blasted barnacles!” Olaf boomed.

“This is entirely your fault, George!”

WHY, WHY, WHY does everyone

blame me?

At that point, we were so close

to the reef that Thora let out the

rope and jumped directly down

onto the sharp surface. What a

courageous mouse!

One after another, we all

climbed down. Captain Olaf

immediately began to survey
the **damage** to his ship.
I'm coming!
Help!

TWISTED WHISKER

The Invincible Vileking

Twisted Whisker is one of the most awful vilekings in Fearfjord. He's called invincible because it is said that nothing can stop him. He shatters, smashes, and snatches anything that crosses his path. In other words, it's best not to make him

mad!
get out of my way!

Meanwhile, Thora
helped the mouse
scramble to safety on
Shipwreck Rock.

As soon as the mouse
saw me, he gasped.

“I know you,” COD
snouted. “He died.”

“You’re that smarty-
MOUSEKING from
Mouseborg!”

I immediately
recognized him, too.

“That’s one of the
vileking **thieves!**” I
squeaked.

“You and your
friends tied up the
Three Mouskingeteers

and stole Sven's helmet!"

"So you're the one who took my helmet!" Thora roared. "Well, take it back!"

"You came this far for nothing," he replied. He stomped his paw on the ground.

"You'll find out soon that we value our property like those who trespass here!"

"Oh, really?" Thora asked. "If you hadn't helped me, you'd still be floating in that cold water! Speaking of which, what happened to you, anyway?"

Twisted Whisker was silent for
Then he decided to tell his sto
“I was returning to Fearfjord w
friends after the successful com
mission to get the mouseking h
“What mission?!” Thora squeal
interrupting him. “It was a th
45

'll keep it!

No, it's mine!

1

Twisted Whisker

ignored her. "As

I was saying, we

were coming home

when we began to

1

argue about who

would get the credit for the feat

we were fighting,

the ship got caught on

the **reef**.

2

Uh-oh!

The boat's full!

3

"The rest of the crew

only lifeboat on the ship, left behind."

I couldn't believe my ears.

"How could they do that?" I so

could never leave a mouse **in**

"Squeaking of danger . . ." Tho

eyes **WIDE** as she looked at th

me.

I turned around and almost fai

fear!

“D-D-Drag . . . d-Draaaaagon
47

Dragons!
Oh no!
Let's hide!

Warning: Dragons!

A group of dragons passed flying low over Shipwreck Rock were spitting

fire

from their mouths and

smoke from their nostrils.

Cheesy catapults! They were

enormous, and they looked horrible.

Before we could move a whisker,

one dragon glided toward us and landed on the deck of the Bated Breath. A

a green dragon landed next to
they didn't seem to **realize** -
“What are you doing, Crimson
dragon hissed. “Doesss thisss s
time to ressst?”

The red dragon stretched his wings.
“You’d be tired, too, **Chartr**
if you were as fat and heavy as I am.
We stayed hidden behind the lighthouse
just a few tails away from those
dragons, hoping they would
go away. The dragons seemed to think that.
Breath was just another one of
the abandoned **SHIPWRECKS** on the beach.
I was tired!”

the waters around Fearfjord!

“Well, I’m not tired,” Chartreu
replied. “But these long flights
make me **ravenous!**”

“Yesss, I’m **SS**Starving, too. I c
devour one hundred vilekingss
one **BITE!**” Crimson agreed.
Suddenly, **Chartreuse** beg
the air.

I’m
hungry!

Sssniff . . . Sssniff . .

“Well, we’re almosst there,” h
you
sssmell sssomething?”

“Yesss,” Crimson replied. “I SS
too! I can’t wait to bite into a r
vileking!”

We’re almost
there!

My tail
trembled with
fear.

“Squeak!” I
exclaimed before
I could stop myself.

Crimson swung around.

“Did you hear that?” he roared
wasss it?”

Fortunately, right at that moment
the dragon called to them from above.

“Hey, you two lazyboneSSS!”

dragon bellowed. “Hurry up, o
will gobble up the fattest mice
arrive!”

Chartreuse seemed irritated.

“That’sss not true, Blue Villain
Hey, lazybonesss!

growled. “Dragon law SSSays t
mice are divided into equal pa
Blue Villain snorted a cloud of
“All I know is that if the Devou
firsst, they won’t wait for usss
eat the bessst vilekingsss!”

With that, the dragons took to
They were heading right for th
village!

As soon as they were gone, I le
sigh of relief. But Twisted W
~~anger~~
angrier

“Those stinking dragons
to attack Fearfjord!” he yelled.
to stop them!”

“Yes, but h-how will we g-get
village?” I stammered nervous.
is marooned on Shipwreck Rock
“Don’t be a shrimp witho

Geronimo!” Trap shouted. “We

a raft using some rope and the
boards from this wreck!”

“Excellent plan!” Olaf agreed c

“We’ll set out in the flick of a w

“But **HOW?**” I moaned anx
oh why, do I always find myse
dangerous
situations!

Olaf gave me a pat on the back

“Here’s how: **You** and your fr
set out for Fearfjord while I fix
you did to my longship!” he sq

captain never abandons his SH
Right at that moment, we hear
sound from the Cliffs of Fear th
the village of Fearfjord:

AAAAAAAH!

AAAAAAAH!

AAAAAAAH!

It was the vileking anti-dragon
55

I Don't Want to
“We have to get out of here!”
Bark Food!

exclaimed. “The dragon attacked
Thora was busy furiously building

“We’ll be ready to **leave** in
she squeaked.

“Do you think we can trust the
Trap **whispered** to me. “A

stole Sven’s mouseking helmet
forty-eight. It seems **strange**

them . . .”

Thora overheard us. She gave
was **colder** than an iceberg. “
always unite to fight the dragon
she said sharply.

“It would be easier if they were
irritating . . .” Trap mumbled.

By now, we had finished assembling
raft, and we headed out for the

The current was very strong, though
our raft began to bounce

UP
DOWN

and

UP
and

DOWN

and

UP
and
DOWN

on the

waves . . .

Puff! Pant!

It was so rough, we almost flip
HOW HORRIFYING!

“Geronimo!” Trap yelled. “What
doing sitting there with your p
Thora
ROW!”

“S-so sorry, Thora!” I stammer
up. “Of course I’ll help!”

But as I took the oar from Thora

Whisker jumped in front of me

**“GIVE IT TO ME, STOP
MOUSEKING!”**

he yelled. “I’ll be the one to ro
the **strongest!**”

Resigned, I turned to hand him
when . . .

BAAAM!

I hit Twisted Whisker directly

“Oh!” I exclaimed. “E-excuse m

didn't mean . . .”

“Be quiet!” he roared. “OR I V
YOU INTO . . .”

I couldn't hear the rest of the s
because a huge wave hit me and
me into the sea.

SPLAAASH!

While I floundered in the water
salmon going upstream, the wa
away our **ONLY OAR!**

“Since you're in the water, pus
smarty-mouseking!” Twisted W

at me. “After all, it’s your fault
the oar!”

I tried my best, clutching the r
swimming with as much s
muster.

“Go, Geronimo, go!” Trap shouted encouragingly. “You can do it. But dry land seemed much too hard and I was so exhausted! WHY, wasn’t I more athletic like Thor?”

“Stop making all of that foar your feet, smarty-pants!” Twisted

shouted. “You don’t want to at of sharks, do you?”

“Sh-sh-sharks?” I stuttered fear Twisted Whisker snickered und

whiskers. Then he pointed to t

Shaaaarks?!

a GRAY FIN emerged from the s

headed toward us.

“HEEEELP!” I shrieked. “I I

WANT

TO BE SHARK FOOD!”

Wow, they’re fast!

Uh-oh!

The Siege Drag

With the sharks on my tail, I swam
TORPEDO through the icy-cool water
the fjord. My fear had turbo-charged
my paws!

When we finally landed on a beach
short way from the port of Fear,
DRENCHED, exhausted,
and in pain, but
luckily I still had all my fur!

“Wow, Cuz!” Trap remarked, c

“Nothing can stop a mouseking

“Yes, but . . . pant, pant . . . no

need to catch . . . pant, pant . . .

I spotted a soft bush nearby and

myself down on the ground, le

the plant in utter exhaustion.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

I yelped.

I had just sat down on a pinc

The little creature poked me w
sharp needles.

“Ow! Ouch! Eek!” I s
mouserific pain!”

THE PINCUSHION

The pincushion is the most docile
on Miceking Island, but when
it's scared, it puts up all
of its sharp quills.

BE CARE

TO MISTAKE
A BU

I jumped back to my paws and
Twisted Whisker shriek, “NO
COD SNOUT!”

In my rush to get away from the
I had landed right in a patch of
nettles!

Squeak! The nettles made me
crazy, more than a thousand f

I accidentally
sat
on
a
pincushion!
Ouchie!

bites! My fur felt like it was
on fire!

How
awful!

As soon as I got out of the **sti**
I joined the others. We mo

making our way quietly
vileking village,

sneaking through the sand and

and staying hidden from the vi

dragons flying overhead.

What an itch!

Then
wound
it

some
stinging
nettles!

Unfortunately, a **terrifying**
awaited us in the village — it was
surrounded by enormous, hungry
spitting dragons!
Chartreuse and Crimson were a

Suddenly, a **paw** covered my
“Don’t even think of making a
mouseking,” Twisted Whisker
my ear. “You almost got us in
back on Shipwreck Rock. So zipped
want to become a **mouse**
kabob!”

I lay on the ground
and tried to remain
very still and quiet.
But my whiskers
continued to **tremble**
with fear!

From our hiding
Don't make a squeak!

place, we could see that the dragons had roasted the roofs of the village and incinerated the tops of the trees. The vilekings' catapults to tiny islands the size of seashells.

"Look!" Trap whispered as he looked at the sky. Another group of dragons was **circling** over the village, eating everything.

"Wh-what do we do now?" I stammered. Thora held a finger to her lips. "Shh," she replied. "Let's see if we can

those slimy reptiles are s

Thora's

While they were busy attacking
Dangerous Plan
of Fearfjord, the dragons conti

at one another. In fact, those 6
winged lizards
had taken a break from

burning the village to fight a

vilekings should be prepared a

The red dragons rasped against
the green ones.“I say that the

fattessst mice should be eaten
belong to us **Devourerssss**
Chartreuse pawed the ground with
claws, making everything around
“And every Rinser knows that
firsst be cleaned thoroughly, and

roasted to **perfection!”**
m right!
o, I am!

Introducing the Dra

At a glance, dragons may all seem that! In fact, different dragon families have different genealogy. If you confuse them, they will breathe fiery flames your way!

HERE'S HOW TO DISTINGUISH
FROM A DEVOURER!

RINSE

Once a Warrior
captures a monster,
he will use water
to rinse the
stagnant poison
and then he will
cook it before

DEVOURER

As soon as
captures a
eats it right
raw, without
side

The Devourers hissed at the
us passs, or you'll be in trouble
“No, you get out of our way!”
replied.

“Don't you threaten usss!” Crim

“We're not moving unlessss we

mice into equal partsss firssst!”

“Ugh, fine!” Chartreuse finally

“But if they essscape, it'sss all

“All the mice are holed up in t
down there,” Crimson said, no

“They won’t essscape!”

“Did you hear that?” Twisted V said happily. “The vilekings are at the Hall of the Great Vile Council. Join them!”

“But how?” I asked, worried. “To reach the city we have to get past the dragon.”
“And how would we hide from

that are circling overhead?”

“I have an idea!” Thora exclaimed suddenly.

Thora’s plan went like this:

To hide from the dragons, we would each hide inside one of the empty barrels that were stacked outside

Then we would slowly make our way to the Hall of the Great Vilek Council.

Finally, we would slip inside the hall where we would help the vilek

their defense.

It was a brilliant but very dan

“Cheesy catapults!” I exclaime

the dragons discover us? They

and roast us like mouse ka

But that dangerous plan was o

hope of saving the village of

the vilekings!

So, at Twisted
Whisker's signal,
we approached the
barrels very quietly.

Trap carved two
holes
in each barrel
so that we could peer
out and SEE where
we were going.

Then, as quietly as
mice, we each pulled

a barrel over our
heads and silently
inched our way
toward the Hall
of the Great
Vileking
Council.

2

1

3

73

Unfortunately for me, though
seagull's nest on top of my bar
seagull was not happy that
~~MOVING!~~ the seagull began to make a
fuss.

SQUAWK!

SQUAWK!

SQUAWK!

What's
wrong
with
that
seagull?

“Shoo, seagull!” I squeaked softly inside my barrel. “They’ll find me.” But she continued to flutter squawking loudly.

That got Chartreuse’s attention.

“What’s wrong with that ssse?” she growled.
“W ssstrange!”

Crimson also stopped and began to breathe the air.

Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!

“Hmmm . . .” he said. “I sssm
mousse!”

Inside the barrel, I began to tre

Seconds later, all the dragon
1, what
do
we
have
here?

to focus on the barrels!

“In my opinion, a moussse isss
hide-and-ssseek in here!” Crim
as he **pawed** at my barrel.

At that point I had no choice b
out of the barrel and make a **h**

“Good-bye, beautiful Tho

“Good-bye, friends! Good-b

Run, Ge
Ru

Once I popped out of my barre
knocked over the other
Thora, Trap, and Twisted Whis

crash!

bang!

boom!

We found ourselves out in the
helpless in front of that herd o
with open,
drooling jaws.

“What do we do now?” Trap y

“WE GET OUT OF HER
shouted back.

So we scampered through the
as we could, a pack of feroc

et them!

at our tails.

“They’re essscaping!”

“Get thossse mice!”

“Bite their tailsss!”

Gobble them up!

We ran as fast as our little paws

us, but the dragons were much

They flew right above our heads

tauntingly at us. “Come on, let

right here, right now!”

“Maybe we can still go back in

direction,” Twisted Whisker sq
hopefully.

Chatreuse. But unfortunately, Crimso
and Blue Villain had co

“There they are!” they shouted
as smoke the chubby one and
skinny ones!”

We were surrounded!

Trap hugged me tightly. “Ger
you’ve been the best co
he gushed.

“You, too!” I blubbered.

A second later, the dragons clo

their jaws **drIPPING** with saliv

But suddenly, I felt two musc
paws grab me and drag me av

“This **way**, measly mice
said.

In a second, we found ourselve
a **COZY** mouse shop, while o
dragons continued to **fight**.

us?

Safe by a whisker! But who had
There was only one other rode
shop with us, and he had long
whiskers.

He was crawling around on
the floor and seemed
to be looking
for something
important.

“Wolfgang
Ratson!”

Twisted Whisker

yelled. “Thank
you for saving
us!”

I was about to introduce
myself, but Wolfgang motioned

for us to be quiet. Then he pulled
Huh?!

trapdoor hidden in the floor.
“Enough chatter!” he said gruff
me!”

It
was
a
secret
passage!

As we scurried down the hatch
store began to **tremble** and

dragons struck the building with
tails, and claws.

Terrified, we followed Wolfgang
underground tunnel!

82

w me!

Do we have to go
down there?

The Great

He continued
the

secret tunnel under the vilekin

“This tunnel was excavated by

Ratson the First, the great-

grandfather
of Rathol the Terrible”

Wolfgang explained.

d where are we going?

re those paws!

Where are we?

Yikes!

“WHeRe are we?” Trap asked

“And where does this passage lead?” Thora added.

I was too scared and nervous
to squeak! My paws trembled
and my whiskers
wobbled
as I

scurried after my friends.

When we arrived at the end
of the tunnel, we went

up a long stone
staircase.
e almost there!

Finally, we came up in a very large hall decorated with vileking shields and flags.

It was the Hall of the Great Vileking Council! The citizens of Fearjoke were all HIDING there . . . really, all of them!

It was **EXTREMELY CROWDED**.

It was so crowded that the knee of one Vileking was in my ear, the elbow of another bumped my snout, and

the **whiskers** of who knows
in my **EYE!**

Wolfgang scurried right up to
Terrible, who was sitting on a
front of the room.

“Chief, I found Twisted Whiske
86

announced. “And
these three puny
mice_kings were with
him!”

Ratnolf jumped up.

“Who told you to
bring us other mice,
Twisted Whisker?”

he roared. “We’re as
tight

as salted anchovies in a
can here!”

“But, chief —” Twisted Whisker began, but Ratnolf cut him off.

“Silence!” Ratnolf bellowed. “Only I can speak, because I’m the **most evil** vileking around!”

Ratnolf the Terrible

He is the chief of the

vilekings. If he gets angry,
watch out! He prides himself
on being incredibly evil.

You'll recognize him by the
patch on his eye. (He can
see just fine, but he thinks
it makes him look even
scarier!)

Grrr! I'm the worst!

Everyone there repeated in unison
VILEKING AROUND
“RATNOLF IS THE

“And what are you doing here, micekings?” Ratnolf asked, turning back.

“We came to help you **DeFea** dragons!” Thora responded testily.

“I, Ratnolf the Terrible, don’t need your help!” he roared back. “I am the

the most courageous, and above all,

most evil vileking around here!”
Again, the vilekings repeated in unison

“RATNOLF AROUND

Then Thora saw Sven's mouse
number forty-eight sitting on a

~~Ratnolf is the most evil!~~
That's my father's helmet!
No, this helmet is mine!
~~Ratnolf is the most evil!~~
~~Ratnolf is the most evil!~~

“That helmet belongs to my father, the
courageous Sven the Shouter!”

“You stole it, and I demand it!”

“Silence!” Ratnolf roared. “That
helmet belongs to me: I beat twenty-one dragons in the famous
tournament!”

But his wife, Mousegarde, interrupted him.

“This isn’t the time to brag!” she said to

her husband. “We are besieged by dragons!

Accept their help!”

The chief of the vilekings sighed.

“Okay,” he agreed reluctantly.

He then turned to me. “Let’s hear your

mouseking!”

“P-plan?” I stuttered. “We have

“Whaaat?!?” Ratnolf shouted a

“Don’t tell me you came here w
plan?!”

“Don’t worry, I know what to c

squeaked up, with a **twink**
My whiskers' began to tremble

Whenever **Trap** has a plan,
one whose **fur is on the**

My cousin showed us all a straw
made of branches and ropes. "V

new invention: a pocket-sized
that I call a slingshot!" Trap su

When they saw Trap's slingsho
vilekings began to **snicker** s

slingshot

This POCKET-SIZED CATAPULT is
small, light, and easy to use (pro

not included). It allows you to HIT
TARGET with perfect precision (well,
depending on your aim, ha!). Perfect
for mice without muscles, as the
projectiles are very light!

Hall of the Great Vileking Court
shake.

“Shivering squids!” Ratnolf said
with laughter. “Do you think you
dragons with that gnat-sized grins?”

“Wait a minute!” I squeaked suddenly.
I just had a **mouserific** idea.
What an idea!

Slingshot Att

Ratnolf menacingly pointed his
front of my snout.

“And who would you be, puny
he growled.

“Geronimo is Mouseborg’s resi
and my father’s trusted advisor
squeaked quickly. “If he has so
say, it’s best to listen to him!”

Oh, beautiful Th
I couldn't believe my ears: Th

courageous and fascinating r
Mouseborg was talking about
and stared at her.

“Well, hurry up, smarty-mouse

Ratnolf yelled. “What are you
Tell us your idea!”

“Well, I noticed that there are
nettle plants around here.”
“We could make balls out of the

leaves and launch them at the
slingshots! I landed in a nettle
earlier myself, and great gro
glaciers, what a painful itch!
would be **miserable.**”

Trap gave me a pat on the back.

NETTLES

The nettle plant is VERY COMMON in Fearfjord and the surrounding area. The thick, bright-green bushes might look pretty, but watch out! The leaves STING and ITCH more than the bites of a thousand fjord mosquitoes!

“Great job, Cousin!” he said. “I
you had a **good idea!**”

Mousegarde stepped forward.

“But how will we collect the new
she asked. “The dragons surround

“We’ll use the secret passage
shouted.

Ratnolf raised his arm with a strong
gesture.

“I, Ratnolf the Terrible, order the
begin preparing for the **battle**
dragons,” he announced. “My

vilekings, let's chase away those
reptiles!”

We all got to work: Trap **cons**
slingshots while the vilekings s
to gather the nettle leaves that
around the village. The rest of
to transform the leaves into a
95

of stinging balls, ready for launch.
Soon it was time for the battle.
Thora, Trap, and I filed through
a subterranean tunnel behind the
wall. We gathered in the center of the
cave. Luckily, the dragons were still
asleep, and they didn't notice us.

Ratnolf had explained the battle plan
to us in the cave. "You micekin
from Mouseborg will attack the dragons
with slingshots," he explained. "Meanwhile,
the ferocious vilekings will distract
the dragons. Now I was a little worried about

“How is this going to work?” I
nervously as we took our po
“That doesn’t concern you, sm
mouseking,” Ratnolf sneered. “
of the way while we vilekings
enemy!”

Take that!
Get down!

Mousegarde had agreed to accompany us to the roofs of Fearfjord. She climbed fearlessly up a **rope ladder** and Thora, Trap, and I scampered after her. As soon as we were in position . . .

roooooooooaaaaarr

The sound of a dragon made our whiskers **shake**. Below us vilekings gathered in the center town, frozen like immobile blocks of rock.

Ouch!
Sorry!

Then, while Mousegarde, Thor
I took aim from the rooftops, t
began to do an **incredible**
They shook their paws, pulled
whiskers, and yelled at the t
of their lungs:

Huh?!

Let's distract them!

“Uuuuurghh-aaargh! C
boo!

Watch your tails or we’ll crush

We are vilekings,

Uuuuurghh-aaargh!

hear us roar,

Watch as we wave our

We’re vile, mean, and

Ooogah-boo!”

The dragons stared with Jaws.
They couldn't believe their ears
at a **bizarre** spectacle!

Only Blue Villain raised her head from the
rooftops and saw us, but by then it was
too late. On Trap's signal, we hit the dragons with a **storm** of noise.
The dragons **scratched** their heads **thoroughly**
furiously: under their eyes, on their
ears, on their tails . . . everywhere.
99

Retreat!

How itchy!

Owww!

We'll crush you!
Take that!
Owww!
Get out of here!

“Retreat!” Chartreuse finally h
~~ssso~~ immediately!” need a thermal S
Behind him, the dragons flutt
away one after the other, shri
As they escaped, Ratnolf yelled
them, “And don’t come b
reptiles!”

The siege of the dragons had fa
102

I'm Too Fond My Fur!

In the end, the battle of Fearfj
success for the micekings and t
However, we micekings
still had another task:
retrieving the stolen
helmet!

Ratnolf was
waiting for us
in the center

of town on a
PEDESTAL
being held up
by two burly
vilekings.
We won!

“Now that the village of Fear
we ask you to return my father
helmet,” Thora announced for
Ratnolf ignored her. “Mice of F
we have **won!**” he declared.
you are all invited to a **delic**
banquet!”

“Wait a minute, Ratnolf!” Mou
intervened. “You haven’t answer
yet. This invitation to the band
an excuse to postpone return
Shouter’s helmet!”

“But I —”

“Be quiet!” Mousegarde interrupted his husband. “No excuses! A village worthy of respect must be strong and above all, **fair!**”

So in the end, Ratnolf gave me a helmet number FortY-eight

to Thora.

“Even if we didn’t ask for your
would have **squashed** the
our own . . . **thanks!** he g
this isn’t the end of my feud v
Shouter, that’s for sure!”

Then he gave me a package tie

Here’s the
helmet . . .

thick cord. "I have an important message for you, smarty-mouseking," he said.

"Please give this gift to Sven."

from me. He'll be very surprised."

I felt proud to have such an important message to play:

What a great message!

"Now, while we wait for the ball to arrive, let's have a VILE KING-GAME."

Ratholf shouted. "Who's up for the game?"

pincushion

jump, followed by a swimming

some sharks, and a diving contest.

Cliffs of Fear? Let's show the lions

Mouseborg how strong the Vilekins really are!”

I immediately thought of the sharks on the reef, the sharks, my nettle bushes, and the fire-breathing dragons. I’d already had enough Vilekins to last a lifetime!

here are the r
vileking cha

DIVING OFF

OF F

PINC

JUL

SWIMMING RACE
WITH SHARKS

“Nooooooooo **thanks!**” I yelled
scampered to the back of the cave
too fond of my fur for a Vilekin
Great groaning glacier!
what it took to earn a mousekin
would never get one . . . I’m too
scaredy-mouse!

Forget A Helr

With the help of the vilekings,
repaired the Bated Breath, said
good-bye, and set sail for
home. When we docked in
the port of Mouseborg, the
entire village was there
waiting for us.

I'm so proud of you!
Sven the Shouter
himself came to meet
us on the pier.

“So?” he asked
expectantly. “Did
you bring back
my mouseking
helmet?”

“Yes, of course!”

Thora
of Fearfjord from the dragons!
replied

confidently. And we
also saved the village
“Good job!” Sven congratulate
daughter. “You’ve demonstrated
how to act like a true mouse
decided to award you with a m
helmet!”

“Yay!” the crowd cheered. “A m
110

helmet for Thora! Hooray!”

“We’ll celebrate with a mousekin
erific banquet,” Sven continued
that, we’ll finally see the real
MOUSEKINGETEERS in

“There’s just one more thing,”
insisted. “Shouldn’t Geroni
mouseking helmet, too? It was

the **nettle leaves** against
Sven thought about it.

“Well, maybe . . .” he said hesi
At that moment, I remembered

PACKAGE I was
supposed to deliver.

“Sven, I have a gift for you
from Ratnolf!” I said.

Sven took the package,
opened it, and . . .

PUFF!

A cloud of chopped **nettle**
him
right in the face!

Oh no! All the mice around him
scratch themselves desperately

“Forget about the helmet, smart
mouseking!” Sven shouted furiously

“B-but I d-didn’t have anything
with it!” I argued. WHY, WHY,

everything always happen to me!

I sighed. At least I had fought
to the courageous Thora! And

I would earn my own mouseking!

just knew it!
But that's a story
for another
mouseking

Get away!
What a terrible
prank!

What is it?
It's stinging
nettle leaves!
Oh no!
Huh?!

Miceking Island

Beastgard
Gullet Valley
Feargard
Forest of a
Thousand
Scales
Oofadale
Yawning
Cove
Helpful Hills
Mouseborg

Don't miss any
adventures of
the Micekins!

Up Next:

Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!

Up Next:

Don't miss
any of my

special
adven

Meet

GERONIMO STILTON

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

Meet Geronimo Stiltonix

He is a spacemous
Stilton of a parall
captain of the spac
While flying through
distant planets and
His adventures are

Dear mouse
thanks for
and good-
the nex

